

## DOES IT CATCH YOU —Right in the Back?



It may be that you are mysteriously attacked by pain in back, (lumbago), or limbs, "neuralgic" pains—shooting anywhere. Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance, overworking the sick kidneys. Perhaps you have become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, bags under the lids, and lack ambition to do things. The latest and most effective means of overcoming such trouble, is to drink plenty of water between meals, and take a single Anurio (anti-uric acid) Tablet before each meal for a while, or until recovered.

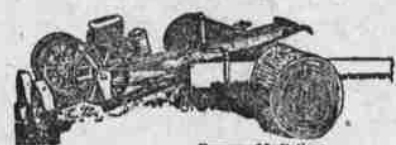


Carl Junction, Mo.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Anurio Tablets and I am pleased to say that this medicine has cured me of kidney trouble and I am glad to recommend Anurio for kidney and bladder troubles."—H. L. LAWRENCE, Box 83.

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Dr. Pierce's Anurio Tablets (double strength) for the kidneys or send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

## EASY NOW TO SAW LOGS AND CUT DOWN TREES

Only one man, or even a boy, with the improved Ottawa Engine Log Saw can easily cut twenty-five to forty cords a day, and at a cost of less than 2c per cord. This machine, which outdoes all others, has a heavy, cross cut saw driven by a powerful especially designed 4-cycle gasoline engine. It's a fast money-maker for those using it, and does more than ten men could do, either cutting down trees, sawing logs, or buzzing branches while you rest. When not sawing, the engine can be used for other work requiring power.



The entire machine is mounted on truck wheels to make it easy to move to the trees or logs, and from cut to cut on a log without stopping the engine. For moving on the road, the truck wheels are placed parallel with the skids and the rig hauled straight ahead. The wheels turn on a two-way spindle. You do not have to take them off, but can change direction of wheel travel by merely taking out a pin.

The Ottawa can be fitted for sawing down trees. It cuts level with surface of ground, thereby getting all the timber and leaving no stumps sticking up. An automatic friction clutch stops the saw in case of undue resistance. Two men can fall forty to fifty trees a day in ordinary timber. The whole outfit is compact, simple, durable against a lifetime of hard wear. It sells for a low price and is fully guaranteed for reliable operation in the hands of every one who has trees to cut down and logs to work up. Full information and low factory price to you can be had simply by addressing the Ottawa Mfg. Company, 2724 Wood St., Ottawa, Kansas.

**Record Hurricane Damage.**  
The worst hurricane of which any record exists was that of October 10, 1780, which started in the Barbadoes. An English fleet anchored off St. Lucia simply disappeared. Nearly every building on the island was blown down and 6,000 people buried.

## ASPIRIN FOR COLDS

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trademark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Another mistake a captain of industry sometimes makes is in talking to his hired hands like his wife talks to him.

## Universal Patronage.

Ever notice it? No kid is ever so dinky but some nice old lady stops on the street and says: "My, my! What a big boy you're getting to be!"—Judge.

**MURINE**  
Night  
Morning  
Keep Your Eyes  
Clean—Clear—Healthy  
Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co. Chicago, Ill.

## Thanksgiving A Story By Mary Graham Bonner

EVERYTHING in the life of James Grant, known to all as Jimmie, had been even and smooth. Things had just happened that way for him. After college when he decided he did not want to go into his father's business but that he would like to study law, it had been arranged or him. His father only said: "Of all contemptible things, the meanest is to make a son take up a work which isn't his."

So Jimmie studied law, then he went to an office and moved upward until he had been an assistant district attorney in New York. His brilliant work had won him a big reputation. Life was so full of pleasures and joys and of everything going on smoothly, happily. And the last and the greatest of all the happiness he had known had been when he had moved and found that he had won the heart of Beth Gray.

There had been only one incident which, as Jimmie now looked back upon his life, had at all made him unhappy, and he thought of it but seldom now. One of the boys he had liked best at first at college, and who had had many winning qualities, had turned out to be the worst sort of a scoundrel. He had cribbed in examinations, cheated in games, and used money which had not belonged to him. They had a rule at college by which the student body could expel, and they had expelled Arthur Cogswell.

Jimmie's disillusionment in his friend had been his only tragedy. Never had he forgotten the look on Arthur's face and the fiery red of the long narrow scar over his right eye when he said, as he gritted his teeth: "I know you're responsible for this." (Arthur often made w's of his r's.) "And I'll get you for it some day, if it akes me all my life."

Now it had completely gone out of his mind. He thought only of Beth and of being a success for her sake.



Had Been Assistant District Attorney.

They were to be married in three months. Beth was getting her trousseau and seeing about an apartment and doing the many things she seemed to feel it was essential to do before getting married.

The only cloud now upon her horizon was the fact that she was too stout, and happiness only seemed to make her feel lazier and more contented, which was all very well and very pleasant, only it had added a goodly number of pounds to her weight as the weeks went by. And she would be happy and she would gain—and Jimmie didn't like fat women.

She had heard of a doctor who was famous for his diets, for making fat people thin, for making thin people fat, and he was not a quack. She had been careful to find that out, and so, without admitting her vanity to Jimmie, she went to see him.

"You understand how I feel about it, Doctor Chisholm," she said a few days later as she talked to a young man scarcely older than Jimmie. "My fiancé is the dearest man—but he is very sensitive—and while I don't mean that it is foolish to have you prescribe for me—he would be so afraid that I was injuring my health that he wouldn't approve at all."

"Well, to start with, a diet's the thing."

"Yes," she agreed, "Jimmie even tells me I shouldn't eat so many sweets."

"Jimmie is the lucky man, I take it," the doctor remarked.

"Yes, Jimmie Grant," she said. The doctor drew back suddenly, but she did not notice any change in his manner as she added naively. "He is wonderful."

"I'm sure of it," the doctor said. "I used to know a Jimmie Grant. He went to college with me. I wonder if he could be the same."

"Perhaps! How interesting," Beth said, as she told Jimmie's college, but he shook his head.

"No, he must be a different Jimmie Grant. Ours was a fine man, too. Two colleges evidently had fine Jimmie Grants! Ours was an athlete, though

a little fellow. He had the muscles of a Hercules."

"My Jimmie is very tall," she laughed, "tall and dark; he is really awfully good looking. He was on the baseball team the year he graduated." On she talked of Jimmie, of his popularity, of his fraternity, of the many friends he had.

"I'm so sorry," she said penitently at last. "I'm wasting your time. Now tell me what I am to do."

"Well, I'll have a prescription for you, in addition to the diet. I'll have it prepared. Could you come back tomorrow? I have a call. I'm sorry." He looked at his watch. "Tomorrow?"

She had gone and the doctor went into his laboratory. He looked at the long rows of tubes and bottles, at powders and liquids. The little phial of that strange oriental poison seemed to be looking at him with the eyes of an evil spirit, drawing him nearer and nearer. He had always meant to use it in connection with some research experiments, but he well knew its power. He had heard of that fakir abroad who had advertised he could make anyone thin or fat within 40 days. This was what he had used—in moderation. He had made a fortune during the short time he had practiced, but he had ended in a cell because he had bungled. He had been



She Was Too Stout.

too much in the limelight, too. But this had happened many years ago—and abroad. There had been nothing about it in the American papers. All night long the doctor worked. He had weakened in his dreadful resolve when his wife had knocked at the door and urged him to stop working, but only for a moment. And this girl was telling no one she had come to him.

"I have some little capsules for you," he told her. "They're quite harmless and will keep you from wanting sweets." He would tell her this so she would get her imagination at work.

"I have them all ready for you," he said nervously. "You might take them now. Here's some water."

That part had been easy. "Now for the diet which I'll prescribe for you," he added.

But she hadn't taken the capsules. Instead, she was holding the small box containing the three small pellets.

There was something about his manner which, for some obscure reason she did not like.

"Well, I guess I'll take them home," she said.

The thought flashed through his mind that she did not trust him, that she might have the capsules examined.

"You've got to take them," he said. And then he saw what he had done. "A doctor is apt to be too severe," he tried to smile.

She was starting to go. "Oh, the capsules," he said, as easily as he could. He was shaking now. "If you'll diet for awhile, and then come and let me know how you're getting on, that will do for the present. You needn't take any medicine if you don't want to."

"All right," she said, and was out of the door.

"Give those pills back to me," he screamed.

But she had caught the elevator on one of his trips going down.

He called frantically to the boy: "Down! Down!" but when he reached the street she had gone.

She told her story to Jimmie, confessed it all, described the doctor.

"I'll have the capsules examined, but meantime don't bother your sweet



Drawing Him Nearer, Nearer.

head about anything—not even your self—except me!"

When Doctor Blakemore of the board of health gave back the report to Jimmie he felt sure then, though he hadn't doubted it for a moment, that the Doctor Chisholm had been the Arthur of college days.

But what a revenge!

He told Beth something of the report and asked her to come down to his office the following day, for he had summoned the doctor there and was having him closely watched.

"I'm afraid you'll have to come, dearest," he said, "to identify him. I

## Thanksgiving

I'M thankful to live in a land that is free,  
With chances for all men who-  
ever they be,  
To labor in fields of their own  
That comes to the hand that is  
willing to toil;  
To stand without fear, without  
favor or grace,  
From masters enthroned in in-  
herited place.

I'M thankful for hearts with  
deep sympathy thrilled,  
Who care for the weary, the  
weak and the chilled;  
For boys and for girls to inherit  
the land  
With spirits alert, and the will  
to command—  
Past, present, or future, what-  
ever may befall,  
I've thanks in my heart for the  
blessings of all!

John Kendrick Bangs  
in Farm and Real Estate Journal

hate to have you in this ugly busi-  
ness—"

"He's the man," she said, as the doctor had entered the next day with his wife beside him, who tried to break in hysterically with eulogies of her husband.

"I know he's the man," Jimmie said, his face white with rage. "You—said—you'd get even with—me," he panted, as he pushed the doctor into his inside office, and locked the door. Jimmie Grant knew how to handle excited men.

"You're the man—who'd do that—that—for your revenge. You'd take away my whole life, my happiness, would you? Well, I'll take away yours. And by the process of law. Slowly. In jail," he hissed.

The voice of Beth broke in again, a wailing, tragic voice, and then the voice of the other woman—the doctor's wife.

Within the soul of Jimmie Grant a conflict raged and tore. Should he mete out to this man the punishment he deserved? Or should he let him go—out to his happiness—and his own repentance? Could he do it? Deeply he knew it was what Beth would have him do—if she thought about it afterward. What good would he be doing by punishing Arthur, who was being punished enough? For the first time he had felt himself to be a scoundrel. That was apparent enough.

"I don't deserve forgiveness," he begged. "I should get it all, all that's coming to me—but for her—my wife. I don't want to shield myself behind her. I don't know what made me do it. I was mad, mad! Oh, if I had succeeded, how terrible!" And he broke down and cried.

But Jimmie's battle was won. "Go," he said, "and tell her anything—that it was an old row we had years ago. That I lost my temper—anything!"

He opened the door. Beth was in his arms and with frightened eyes and white face Mrs. Chisholm went out,



She Smiled at Him.

clutching her husband's arm. "Are you all right, Roddy darling?" Jimmie heard her say.

He looked at Beth for a long moment.

The others had gone now.

"We were to have gone to-morrow on a house party over Thanksgiving—do you suppose we could go off on our Thanksgiving holiday, just we two?" he asked her. "I want to feel I've got you, got you close."

She looked up at him and put her head on his coat. "Jimmie," she murmured.

"We could get married at once," he said. "There are plenty of parsons who'd marry us!"

And as he held her he felt in his heart his own thanksgiving, for so soon was he to hold as forever his the girl he loved most dearly, and for her he had won the greatest victory over himself.

"It has always been my favorite day," she said. "It's such a homey day!"

They left his office and got into Jimmie's little car.

"I hope we find the parson in," she said, after they had decided where they would go after the license was obtained.

"If he isn't, we'll look up another," Jimmie answered, and as he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it a policeman grinned and said:

"Slowly, young man, slowly, you'll be held up at the next block for speedin' if you ain't careful."

But neither of them heard. Instead, Beth leaned back with a happy, contented sigh and said:

"Oh, Jimmie, dear, I'm so glad New York's full of parsons! And that Thanksgiving day is a day for no one outside the home!"

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

## KIDNEYS WEAKENING? BETTER LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease.

Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain.

This well-known preparation has been one of the national remedies of Holland for centuries. In 1696 the govern-

ment of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its sale.

The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders.

Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money.

Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.



## INFLUENZA

And all diseases of the horse affecting his throat speedily cured; colts and horses in the same stable kept from having them by using SPOHN'S COMPOUND; 3 to 6 doses often cure. Safe for brood mares, baby colts, stallions, all ages and conditions. Most skillful scientific compound. SPOHN'S is sold by your druggist.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Mfrs., Goshen, Ind.

Early Shopping.  
"You are beginning to say 'Shop Early,' rather ahead of the season."  
"Not at all. If you want to get to market before the best things are sold you want to start not later than 7 a. m."

## Colds Break

Get instant relief with  
"Pape's Cold Compound"

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a cold and ends all gripe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of your head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness, stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's!—Adv.

A Misunderstanding.  
"My back is to the wall."  
"When you scratch it don't mar the wallpaper."

## "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California!"—Adv.

His Choice.  
"What drink would you offer an electrician?" "I suppose he would prefer current wine."

## FOGGY?

If Bilious, Constipated or Headachy take  
"Cascarets."

Tomorrow the sun will shine for you. Everything will seem clear, rosy and bright. Your system is filled with liver and bowel poison which keeps your skin sallow, your stomach upset, your head foggy and aching. Your meals are turning into poison, gases and acids. You cannot feel right. Don't stay bilious or constipated. Feel splendid always by taking Cascarets occasionally. They act without griping or inconvenience. They never sicken you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or nasty, harsh pills. They cost so little too—Cascarets work while you sleep.—Adv.

Of two evils always choose the one you might get away with.

## Good for Kids

## Just Right BRAND

### CORN SYRUP

How they like it on bread! And it's good for the whole family, too. The flavor simply can't be equalled. Get a can today.

THE AMOS-JAMES GROCER CO.  
ST. LOUIS

"Just Right as the Label Means Quality For The Table"

## Just Right BRAND

### FOOD PRODUCTS

## GROW SHORTHORN BEEF

The Pacheco Cattle Co., of California, recently marketed 19 three-year-old Shorthorn steers weighing 1245 lbs. off grass. These steers had never tasted grain nor hay except the little they were given while weaning time. They had both size and quality, which is a Shorthorn characteristic. It pays to grow Shorthorns. The breed colors are red, white and roan. For information write to the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association 13 Dexter Park Ave. Chicago, Ill.

## Better Than Pills— For Liver Ills

The reason

Get a 25¢ Box

NR Tonight—  
Tomorrow Alright

## Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists, Soap, Ointment, 25¢ each. Talcum, 25¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. H, Boston.

Write For Mississippi Map and Homeseekers' Guide. Ad. Southern Land Co., Meridian, Miss.

## FRECKLES

Finest quality guaranteed: 1 lb. tin can postpaid, 50¢ per lb.; larger quantities, 50¢ f. o. b. Durham, Thale Bee Farms, Durham, Mo.

## TO SHINE A COLD STOVE

Use E-Z STOVE POLISH  
Ready Mixt—Ready to Shine  
HARTIN & MARTIN, CHICAGO

## MONEY WANTED

To help develop Arkansas farms. Will guarantee acres per cent interest, payable annually. Security: Good lands being developed into productive farms. Loan to not exceed 50 per cent of actual cash value of land. Write for list of prospective loans. Best bank references furnished. J. G. Howard, Land Dealer, Little Rock, Ark.

## Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

Morgan's  
**SAPOLIO**  
Scouring Soap  
Economy  
in Every Cake

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 46-1919.

## For Irritated Throats

take a tried and tested remedy—one that gets promptly and effectively and contains no opiates. You get that remedy by asking for

**PISO'S**